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can learn to sing and to draw; institutions that will enable future generations to imbibe, as now many of the continental do, with their mother's milk, the love and sense of Art and music, and all things and thoughts melodious, graceful, and beautiful.

UNDERNEATH THE TREES.

UNDERNEATH the trees,
In the summer time,
In the shadow soft and deep
Let the lulled heart fall asleep.
Life's a soothing rhyme
Underneath the trees.

Underneath the trees,
Where the robins sing
To a something in the nest—
Something that makes care a rest.
Troubled thoughts take wing
Underneath the trees.

Underneath the trees,
Where the waters play,
Bubbles sailing out of sight;
Ripples curling into light;
So moves grief away
Underneath the trees.

Underneath the trees,
Where the buds forbear
Flaring, flaunting blooms to grow,
Keeping fresh their virgin glow,
From the noonday glare
Underneath the trees.

Better be a bird,
Twittering on a bough
To a nest the light leaf wreathes,
Than an empty heart, that breathes
Neither song nor vow:
Better be a bird.

Better be a stream,
Sheltered from the sun
By a branch that dips and blows,
Than a soul that never knows
How love's ripples run—
How love's sparkles gleam.

Better be a weed,
Or a nameless flower,
Than a pebble in the dust,
With no living, upward trust,
With no rooted power
Glorious in its need.

Underneath thy boughs
Shelter us, O Love!
Life's deep whispers, fresh and free,
Lift thy leaves, immortal tree!
Shelter us, O Love,
Underneath thy boughs!

LUOY LAROOM.

THE TWO PRE-RAPHAELITISMS.

ARTICLE FOURTH.

It will be seen from what we have already said that Rossetti has frequently found subjects of the most exquisite description, as respects psychological value, in the works of Dante. Here is one relating to the life of the poet himself, and one so altogether excellent that it is surprising it has never been painted before. It is entitled "Giotto Painting Dante's Portrait," or sometimes "Dante's Youth." It is known that the only portrait in existence of the great author of "*Il divina Commedia*" is one painted in a fresco on a Florentine church, by the artist just named. This was discovered some years ago by an English artist named Kirkup, then in good preservation, but we hear with shame that through the clumsiness of an ignorant restorer that it is now irreparably injured. Upon a scaffold platform sit Dante and Giotto, the former peeling a pomegranate (the existing portrait shows him with one of these fruit in his hand, and most appropriately it has become to be considered as an emblem of him, for it bears an occult and typical inference to Dante in his function as poet, by its mystically religious allusions). Giotto holds a long painting brush, and has just drawn in the head, and we see he now prepares to paint it: looking over his shoulder, with nervous eagerness, is Cimabue; and by the side of Dante his beloved friend Guido Cavalcanti, an Italian poet, who is supposed to have been just reading aloud some passages from the poems of another Guido, Guido Guinicelli, also a poet: there is an allusion in this to a passage of Dante's writing, wherein he says that the former Guido shall surpass the latter as a poet, and be himself surpassed by a third Guido (by whom it is supposed he meant himself). Cimabue has that delicate, over-excitable, worn face which his portraits show; he is looking upon the work of Giotto, his pupil, who has surpassed him, and taken altogether the place in the world which he considered to belong to himself; all the feelings of perceiving this are indicated by his expression and attitude: the nervous, self-wearing mind, one of those who offered only the greatest of things to God as his act of life; not like Giotto, who perceived that little things have of themselves as potent a value as the great and high; the keenly sensitive, irritable face, worn, as we have said, by the ceaseless action of the mind is there, and at the moment the knowledge of the loss of crown, and empire, and fame in Art is visibly rising in his mind. Before him, too, sits the man, though unknown of him, who writes his sentence thus—

"In painting Cimabue fancied he
Possessed the vantage: now Giotto has the cry,
So that the other's fame is grown obscured;
And so one Guido from the other 'rest
Glory in language; and he is born, perhaps,
Who one and both from out the nest will chase."

[The latter portion of this refers to what we have